

Student Review

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The Bush-Quayle Campaign: Lessons for a Bush Presidency

by Gary Bryner

Assistant Professor of Political Science

Presidential campaigns are often derided as too long, too expensive, too superficial in the way they deal with substantive issues, and are dominated by the biases and concerns of the media. While all this may be true, campaigns are imperfect but nevertheless useful indicators of what kind of president a candidate might be. The way in which a candidate conducts his or her campaign, or permits it to be conducted by others, is one indicator of how that person might act in office.

Take the Bush-Quayle campaign, for example. Perhaps the most striking thing about the way that campaign is structured is the almost complete lack of open dialogue that is permitted between the candidates and the public. Virtually all of the candidates' appearances are carefully programmed; they are told by media advisers to stick to a prepared text and avoid press conferences or other situations

where they have no script to follow or rehearsed messages to give. The Bush-Quayle negotiators insisted on a formal, structured setting for the presidential and vice-presidential debates to minimize the likelihood that their candidates would have to engage in an open-ended, non-programmed discussion. The primary concern of Bush-Quayle strategists is to ensure that no gaffes are committed. Both debates were hailed by Republicans as successes because their candidates did not say anything ridiculous or bizarre. The primary goal of each major appearance by the candidates is that no serious mistakes are made.

Given past statements made by the two candidates, this strategy is not irrational. But it also reflects a profound disdain on the part of the candidates and their advisers for an open, public dialogue on the issues confronting the nation. It rejects the idea that campaigns are a way of educating the citizenry about the collective choices that must be made and educating the politicians about the values and priorities of those who they are to represent. It reduces elections to crass manipulation of candidate views and calculations of what the public will tolerate. It emphasizes image and appearance over policy and substance.

A second major strategy of the Republicans is to make as the central issues of their campaign Michael Dukakis's veto of the law requiring the Pledge of Allegiance in Massachusetts schools and his membership in the American Civil Liberties Union. While one could argue that these are relevant and appropriate to the campaign, it is much harder to see why these ought to be major themes. Do Bush, Quayle, and strategists really believe that these are the critical issues facing the nation? Do they have so little confidence in the value of their own agenda of issues that they do not emphasize it whenever they get a chance?

From the way in which the Republicans have conducted their campaign, and the implications for the way in which they would run the White House are very unsettling. Their fear of press conferences, of permitting the media to ask questions for fear they will misspeak is much like the strategy of the Reagan White House. Better to let the president speak only when he has a prepared text than to take the chance that he will say something that is at best inconsistent with the developed administration line, or at worst incomprehensible or loony. Managing the presidency from the perspective of media con-

sultants and pollsters who are only concerned about what will give the proper appearance or how to put positive spin on events, independent of what really happened, is at best a cynical view of politics and leadership, and a radical departure from the tradition of our best presidents.

Such an approach to dealing with the media does more than make life hard for Sam Donaldson and his colleagues. It ultimately subverts what little opportunity we have to hold the president accountable for what he does. Holding elected officials accountable, making them take responsibility for the policies they pursue is absolutely critical to any system of self-government. If politicians can escape accountability for what they do, then they become free from the constraints of public sentiment and can more easily respond to special interests, personal concerns, or whatever else motivates them.

In our political system, we have few means of ensuring

such accountability. Running for re-election is one way, but if elections are issueless or consist only of prepared speeches, little accountability to the voters takes place. Governments in some countries rely on "question" periods where presidents or prime ministers must formally appear before the legislative body to answer for their actions. In some countries there is a tradition of public officials resigning when serious errors in judgment or policy are made. In the U.S., by default, holding politicians accountable for their actions falls primarily to the media. Presidents who hold regular and open press conferences are forced to explain and justify their actions. While the media may be dominated by liberals, they are clearly biased in favor of unearthing the shortcomings of sitting presidents, and pressing for explanations of actions that have been taken.

please see Bush on back page

BYU's International Cinema

by Erin O'Dell

The number one movie last year, according to a survey of American film critics, was not *Fatal Attraction*, *Dirty Dancing*, or *Robocop*. In fact, it was not even an American made film—the top movie of 1987 was a Swedish film entitled *My Life as a Dog*. This movie was not shown in local theaters, but it was shown in the largest foreign film cinema at a U.S. university—BYU's own International Cinema.

The International Cinema shows films from around the world Tuesdays through Saturdays in the Kimball Tower auditorium (250 SWKT). Films are free to BYU faculty or any student enrolled in Humanities, English literature, foreign language, or any Honors class. To others, it costs merely one dollar to see great foreign films—both premiers and old classics.

The films shown at the IC are often more mature, artistic, and intellectual than commercial programs, and unlike the Varsity Theater, they are generally uncensored. On rare occasions, films containing graphic nudity, sex, or violence will be edited.

The International Cinema was started over twenty-five years ago by the College of Humanities and is still totally funded by that college. When it first started, a few students would meet in the JKHB conference room for an occasional foreign film. Today, at least 15 showings a week are given in a room that will seat almost 300 people.

The IC is run by a small group consisting of five students and the director, Dr. Don Marshall. The students function as projectionists, office workers, and ticket takers. They are often found on the phone talking to places like New York or Chicago to obtain movies. The films are generally obtained from the same national film distributors that distribute to commercial theaters. The International Cinema does receive a discount on movies because it is a nonprofit, school sponsored organization, but still pays up to \$400 per movie.

The films are selected by a faculty committee of six to seven members. Dr. Marshall is the chairman. The rest of the committee is comprised of one representative from each of the departments in the College of Humanities. The representa-



INTERNATIONAL CINEMA

SR art by Jeff Lee

tives make suggestions of movies that they would like shown or that would fit into the semester's curricula. Dr. Marshall then makes the final decision on the movies. He also considers requests from students and other faculty.

Dr. Marshall is BYU's resident film expert. Last year alone he attended ten different film festivals, including the Cannes festival and others in New York and Park City. He spends a month in New York every year previewing six to eight films a day to find films to be shown at BYU. Dr. Marshall stated that his goals are "to bring in the newest and the best films, including the old classics, from around the world so that anyone who would enjoy them can have the opportunity to see them."

The IC has done just that. Never before in its history have there been crowds like in the last month. Films like *My Life as a Dog*, *Jean de Florette*, and *Manon of the Spring* have drawn sold-out crowds, with lines forming as much as an hour and a half early. The Cinema even offered extra showings of some of the films on Saturdays. Despite this however, many people were still turned away.

Andre Bay, one of the International Cinema's staff, attributed the incredible success of the Cinema this year to many factors. The first of these being the increasing popularity of cinema itself as a pastime. Last year Hollywood alone produced twice as many films as in the preceding year. More and more people are using the media of film for relaxation and social events.

People are even starting to realize the advantages of foreign films. In recent years, the popularity of foreign films in the United States has started to grow immensely as Ameri-

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Experiencing Lady Smith Black Mambazo

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Student Review

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On Belly Dancers and Windblown Hair

by Gary Burgess

Your mind wanders back to the familiar when driving in the desert, this time to some scenes and situations in and around Cairo.

It being another day I am teaching on the fifth floor of a government building. I am standing behind a desk that is clean on top, and with nothing in any of the drawers. A dozen dark men, their hands folded, are listening behind other desks also clean on top, also with nothing in the drawers. We're going through their grammar lessons together and lunch is far away. In a long pause, with my papers sagging in my hands, not knowing if they have understood anything I have said in the last ten minutes, someone raises his hand. He asks me what I think Egypt's biggest problems are.

I can't just do this. Instead I explain some American history to these dark men with their hands folded. How the Puritans came over the Atlantic to the north, and how the tobacco planters settled in the south, developing two distinct traditions. I explain how these traditions eventually clashed in war a hundred years ago, and how they still survive to this day. They nod their heads. They understand this because they have two traditions as well, an Upper and a Lower Egypt, a papyrus and a lotus, the double crown of the Pharaohs. Someone tells a joke about how stupid Upper Egyptians are.

So I use this simple historical model to say I come from this severely rocky-earthed Puritan tradition where we are taught to 'act,' and not to be 'acted upon.' That my world is so different from theirs that what I would say wouldn't necessarily go with the culture, and probably wouldn't be of any use to them. Avoiding their question entirely, I ask them what America's biggest problems are. Drugs, materialism and Jews, they say.

It's a six hour taxi ride from Marsa Matrouh, by Libya, to Alexandria. Though honored with a front seat, the ceiling of my taxi is too low, forcing my head out the window all the way. Getting out in Alexandria, the desert wind has pulled my hair straight back to form a small, dry bush on the top of my crown. And having slept in the back of a fuel truck the night before I smell like an Esso station. My clothes are dirty. Switching to a bus for Cairo, two well dressed and obviously affluent Egyptian women board and sit in front of me on that bus.

They are wearing high heels, and one when seated crooks her arm above and behind her head so that her hand is resting on the back of her seat. She does this so I can see the intricate patterns she has painted on her nails. She taps her fingers vigorously, and I wonder if that position is uncomfortable for her.

I've thought many times that Egyptian women are beautiful, especially when carrying baskets on their heads, that they walk in more dignity than any others I had known. Having taken off their veils before World War II, the women still keep their hair covered though, and generally questions of modesty revolve around whether their ear lobes are showing or not. The older married ones look at you and beyond you, toughly and stone-faced like the Sphinx, and they won't let you take their pictures. The younger ones look at their feet.

It isn't so difficult to see why life might be hard for a man in Egypt; as a man I can see the problems in having to wait sometimes eight or nine years to earn the money to afford

marriage. The women however are under different laws than the men, ones revolving around chastity I don't understand. Brides found to be unchaste by their new husbands can be and often are, under the law, put to death. Other things you learn about after staying in the country awhile are just as shocking. So you wonder what really is behind their dignity, whether it's what comes after everything else is taken away, or if it's just something a Westerner notices that no one else does, that has no name or explanation.

But these two on the bus are different. They'd been watching Falcon Crest, and their families have money. They go to the discotheques. When the bus breaks down and I go around the back to see what the problem is, they follow. It's a busted fan belt. I'm thinking I'm going to miss my class and all my students will wait for me an hour and then make their ways slowly through the city home. Then I hear swearing in English and it's the two women. I notice one is very overweight (the one with the nails), whereas the other is stunning by any nation's standards (though I don't doubt that the first one is considered the more beautiful as they prefer heavier women there). After the swearing, we start talking and after three or four sentences the beautiful-like-Nefertiti one asks me if I am American. Yes, I say, and her eyes light up like stars over the desert.

"Are you married?" she asks, smiling.

"No," I say, shuffling my feet, knowing after this question and the swearing what is next. The mechanic is looking frustrated.

"You know it is no problem. Many American men go to America and ask for Egyptian women to come to them. It is no problem." And then, "you can send for me, it is no problem." She is smiling, leaning forward.

"Thank you, that's very nice, but, I mean, America is a great country, and don't you think love is what is important anyway?" I ask.

"Oh yes! America is wonderful! I will love you! I will love you!" she says, clapping her hands together, me wanting to believe her.

I try to sort this out, running my hand through my hair until my fingers catch on the small, dry bush in my crown. It ends up being a long bus ride, finding out she belly dances and that I am not very convincing.

The editor of the *Middle East Times* in Cairo is an American from Maine, and a Yankee. He looks about twenty-seven, and is thin and blond. His office is big and roomy with a tall bookcase, an IBM, and a porch facing the east. In that room he slouches in his seat and practices Puritan economy—mostly in words and sentences, his and mine. Sometimes I sit in his big leather chair and see him cut me off in mid-clause or roll his eyes to the ceiling when I give more information than he needs, or asks for. Sometimes he and that office seem to me a part of the heat outside.

Humorless, sparing in his praise, he tells me I need to work in a real newsroom. He doesn't like some of the ideas I have for articles. He doesn't want a story on the goat herders in Cairo, nor is he interested in any story on village superstition. The article I suggest on the cities of garbage outside Cairo where most of the Christians in the area live and raise their pigs has already been done.

On the other hand, he surprises me sometimes when he likes the ideas I think are stupid—stories on the *fellucca* sailors on the

Nile, or on the problems they have in east Cairo with wild dogs coming in from the desert and infesting the neighborhoods, biting people now and then.

The editor is tight-lipped and lean; he doesn't lay his life out on a platter. It bothers me when he is deliberately vague about how he started writing in Lebanon years ago. Things seem to have ended up for him kind of haphazardly. Now he leaves for long weekends in Greece and Turkey and takes off for deep sea fishing in the Red Sea. He likes cutting words out of a page, especially words and sentences too upsetting to the government. "I'm a foreigner here, it's not my position to criticize," he says.

He's one of the few people I know who really knows about the Muslim Brotherhood. They're the opposition in Egypt, the Islamic fundamentalists who are agitating for a return to Muslim law. They feel they need to return to the ancient punishments of death for adulterers, a hand cut off for thieves, and so on. Many people's sense of collective guilt would be relieved if they returned to the *Sharia*, to the law codes ascribed to Muhammed himself, the Messenger of God. Then they feel their problems would be over, especially the one of Israel's existence. The Brotherhood are a potent political opposition.

The editor gives me some old copies of their newspapers, for reading on a trip to Alexandria. After a day on the beach I read them in my hotel room until very late. At that hour the surf is still beating the shore and my light is alone; I am the only one staying in that hotel outside of Alexandria.



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Band-Johnny Leisure

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Thursday Oct. 27

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Band-The Boys Next Door

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CAMPUS LIFE



A Sort-of-but-not-really Movie Review

by Elden Nelson and Jeff Hadfield

This isn't a movie review. Well, in a way it is, but we're not going to review the movie we went to go see. No point in it, really. We went to see "Willow," which is fine, if you can entertain yourself in ways other than watching the movie in progress. What we're going to review is the *place*. Cinema 8.

The first thing we noticed about Cinema 8 is advertised right on the outside. One buck per seat, every show. The next thing we observe is that this place is bright. Really bright. Neon tubes pointing the way to the brand spanking new cinemas, game room, and bathrooms. Bright colors on the walls, floors, and ceilings. Employees with exceptionally white teeth. A snack bar that looks aerodynamic enough to fly, providing a long enough runway. Employees wearing cute plastic aprons with cats on them (the aprons, not the employees). For a buck, it looks like people will be able to watch a movie at a place that looks more like a dance club than...any of the local dance clubs. Even the bathrooms are glitzy—black and red tile—and mirrors.

We got free popcorn—*good* free popcorn. They make it themselves, instead of buying it second-hand. We walked into the third cinema—the one with the purportedly neat-o sound system. And we were amazed. By two things. First, neither of us had ever been to a movie with a *perfectly clean floor* before. Second, the armrests have cupholders. Shazam.

We expected the movie to kick in right away. Wrong. A nice tenor, Paul Hill, from Lucasfilm Ltd., got up and told us a little bit about the THX sound system. It goes (basically) like this: The guys who make the soundtracks for movies spend a million or more man hours trying to come up with incredible sound effects and intelligible dialogue (which is very different from *intelligent* dialogue, but you can only do so much with technology). To thank them for their time and effort, most cinemas use sound systems which may as well have been stolen from a stock 1973 Plymouth. No matter how good the soundtrack on the film, the sound the poor moviegoer hears is only as good as the cheap paper cone the sound is coming out of.

THX gets around this problem by building cinemas with good acoustics, then puts some very nice speakers in a room that

you wouldn't be ashamed to have in your own house. Hill illustrated his point by showing a quick clip from the opening sequence of *Star Wars*. We heard the opening theme like we have never heard it before. Beautiful. At this point, we broke down and wept, but recovered quickly. The bottom line is that the distortion levels on this THX system are very very low, and the frequency range is very very wide.

Hill also told us interesting little tricks about the process of preparing movie soundtracks, and the special effects therein. For instance, did you know that the "squeal" airplane tires make when they hit the runway is actually a dub of a *pig's squeal*—played backwards. We also learned that at least some of the "grinding rock"-type sound effects in *Indiana Jones* movies are achieved by putting a microphone up to someone biting apples and other various fruits and vegetables. This is trivial, sure, but the popcorn was free, and they gave us T-shirts, too, so who were we to complain?

Finally, *Willow* was shown. The sound was marvelous, and so was the picture. Both were clear, undistorted.

Movie reviews are supposed to cover the pro's and con's of things—we realize that. We also realize that we haven't got much into con's in this "review." So, for all of you pessimists, here is a potentql con we found: Cinema 8 is terribly susceptible to the "family glut" syndrome. This is probably a good place to avoid on Monday nights—every lazy FHE-er in the Provo/Orem area will be there, with their tots and teenagers. Same thing goes for weekend shows. Cinema 8 is cheap enough so that Mom and Dad can afford to bring all the kids.

Another con is that all Cinema 8's movies cost only a dollar. This is because the theater shows only second-runs, to reach those who either can't afford to or refuse to pay the five dollars for a first-run movie. So there.

When all is said and done, we still don't know exactly what the heck "THX" means. Probably something from one of Lucas' less popular films, or the sound an arrow makes when it hits styrofoam. Go to Cinema 8.

Vive le roi

by Colin Bay, J.R. Rodriguez, and E. Presley

First, a few personal notes. Our moms have left Prince's European tour in a dispute over his Badness's moustache. It went something like this. Moms: "Oh, what a cute patch of moss." His Royal Tastelessness: "2 L with your moss. U R off o' the tour." Moms: "Are you sure this isn't a Word of Wisdom thing?" But their contract was soon picked up by the Quayle tour, where they have been put in charge of Kennedy quotes and gaffe-counting. The big controversy is over the recent tallies: Pokey's mom says a stupid look followed by a long silence should count, while Spanky's mom maintains it's no gaffe unless Dan's own supporters laugh at him. The moms recently sent us another telegram recommending long mufliers, warm socks, and a healthy daily dose of anabolic steroids, adding, "And for heaven's sake get water-soluble, and don't buy it in Toronto."

Last week: Wedge struck a blow for populism by joining the Cougar marching band. He was soon asked to leave, unfortunately, when a fellow band member, known for quoting Especially for Mormons poems during practice, was found handcuffed to a Cougarette with Wedge's instrument attached to the roof of his mouth. When questioned by security personnel, Wedge confessed to the prank, but charges were dropped when he revealed that the poem in question ended, "And the old violin? It won the meet. / It did not quit. Gol, it is neat." Bryce, lost with Wedge in the lower HFAC, resolved to never again make fun of the spelling of "Nelke" but forgot his oath when he noticed one of his running shoes protruding from a mixed media piece in the student art show. Thought Wedge, "Mental note: no more roommates with black berets." Malvolia and Tawny tried the new ethnic dishes at the Cougar Eats but found the ambulance too noisy to evaluate their choices; on the bright side, the stomach pump reminded Tawny of a guy she had kissed in high school—"A strict neo-Kantian, I mean really retro, but great lips."

"Elvis is it."

"No doubt about it," Bryce agreed, wondering if he had the nerve to call Malvolia "yummy goobut" in public. Ah, to be in love.

"No, really," Wedge said. "It's that Donne thing, like no man is a pharmacy. Elvis is in everything. Politics, music, creole cooking, software, Idaho—he's in all of it. He is all of it. And he's alive."

"Yeah, next you're going to tell me Dan Quayle is alive, too," Malvolia said, hoping she could talk Bryce into flexing his powerful pecs to the tune of "One Night with You" again.

"I'm serious," said Wedge. "I saw Elvis at Albertson's. Buying donut holes, the kind fried in beef tallow, you know? He lives on them and Jujubes and fruit-flavored gummi metaphysicists."

"Oh Wedge," Tawny said, worried that America might end up with a Supreme Court that cared about civil rights instead of getting a veep with a golf handicap in the single digits. Or else a man with eyebrows the size of Rhode Island. How to choose?

"I knew it was him because he pronounced 'baby' with four syllables and belched in vibrato. Hey, the guy is a legend—they don't call him the Monarch for nothing. That's what they call him, right? Or is it the Oligarch? The Prince? No, he's on tour in Europe. President Nixon? No, he's a heinie. Dam—English has too many words."

"Just stop it Wedge!" cried Tawny, asking herself if glandular eccentricity was really reaching epidemic proportions in the dorms. "Just stop trying to play the college intellectual. Nobody likes people who think they're smarter than their mailman. For goodness' sake! Right now there are men in public office who would rather educate a child than shoot a Lenin lover. I have a list of them right here on my pantyhose package. And you're worried about some fat, dead, side-burned rock star?" Her voice reached a shriek as she realized her last can of Final Net was almost gone.

"I talked to him," Wedge said. "I did."

"What did he have to say?" Bryce and Malvolia asked.

please see **Vive** on page 4



FROM HERE TO
SPRINGVILLE.

Top 20

1. Registration drive
2. 'Rattle and Hum'
3. Yom Kippur
4. Altruistic Terrorism
5. Ninth inning Mets victory
6. Yuli's
7. Primary Children's Song Book
8. Girls with boy's names
9. Airports and great weekends
10. Film Society
11. Low blood cholesterol
12. Hot air balloons
13. Sky diving experiences
14. The armrests at Cinema 8
15. Doctors recommending brand X
16. Steel Magnolias
17. Plebescit in Chile
18. Lloyd Bentsen
19. Brent's French 102 class
20. Nudist float in Homecoming parade

Bottom 10

Quayle as JFK, Yoko Ono, Nasal hair, "Y" word plays. The winning "who Lights the 'y' essay", Sir Isaac Newton's surgery, Apolitical people, third-world rural development, The Common Cold, Unnecessary Honors spending.

Vive from page 3

They wondered if they could get Letterman tickets for a wedding gift if they decided to tie on the question.

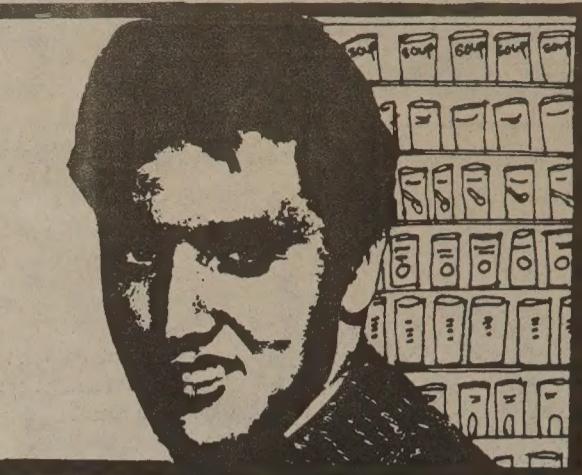
"Elvis said he watches a lot of comedy and sci-fi, stuff like Oprah, Phil, Geraldo. He adores them. He said he writes letters to Jimi Hendrix and the Bangles, next-day express, and he feels terrible about spiking Ben Johnson's wine cooler with steroids. He snuck into the Olympics dressed as Chou En Lai, but the guards mistook him for a boxing referee and put his nose on the other side of his head. Remember when that happened in *G.I. Blues*?"

Wedge's eyes got teary. "He's coming back. He's still got it. Testosterone, a sense of the poetic, hips, sideburns, firearms. He's still the Governing One. He's going to do a medley-album-video concept-laser show of Kurosawa theme songs by Christmas and then we'll see who's the CEO, you infidels." He thought for a minute. "Um, could you guys tell me what 'infidel' means?"

Then Tawny realized why—in an artificial, white, Los Angeles kind of way—she loved her thick Wedge. "Come here, oo liddow cute-ums Presleyphile." She wrapped around Wedge and they wept rhythmically, sounding a lot like the ukulele part in "Blue Hawaii."

"And I'll never forget the last thing he said to me," blubbered Wedge. "He looked back from the cereal aisle and said, as if it was Graceland and not Parkway Village, 'Who loves ya tender?' I wish Telly Savalas could have been there."

"We've got to get going," Bryce said,



conquering Malvolia's hand and taking her out the door. "Elvis can rot in Denmark—

when it was bigger? And why did they all spit so much?"

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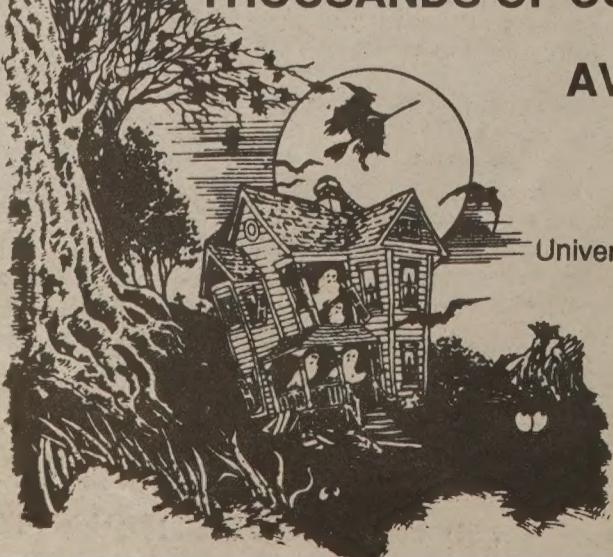
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SR Welcomes Danziger

CAMPUS LIFE

Cartooning with a Moral Sense

A crowd of mink and diamond clad theater-goers file into a showing of the popular Broadway production *Les Misérables*, a production depicting the poverty, squalor, and social injustice of nineteenth century France. In the same picture, around the corner from the theater entrance, are urchin and homeless children huddled around a makeshift fire to warm their hands. This scene is from a cartoon panel of Jeff Danziger, the political cartoonist of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

Formerly a high school English teacher and now a full-time satirist, artist, and writer, Jeff Danziger's work has brought acclaim and attention to the editorial page of the *Monitor*. His character and personality extend beyond his wit on the printed page, he is affectionately known by the staff as "Irreverent Jeff." Danziger wears shorts to work, (the only one on the staff who gets away with doing that) and stores his mountain bike in his studio/office which is just off of the main newsroom of the Christian Science Publishing Society.

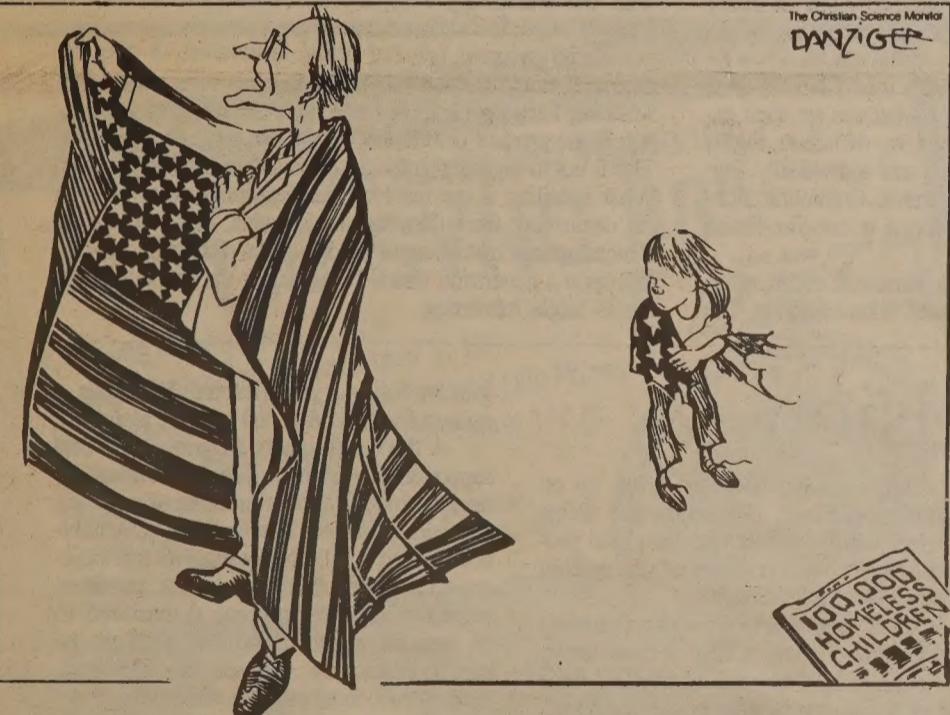
As in the panel described above, Danziger's cartoons at times highlight the inconsistency and paradoxes in our morals and sense of social justice. But, this is only one of his moods. Many of Danziger's

cartoons focus on political and international topics, which are the forte of the *Monitor's* journalism staff. His tone ranges from the sheerly comical, to mocking the anomalies of the society and bureaucracies which surround us, to somber indictments revealing our inadequacies as individuals and as a society. Behind the variety of wit and wisdom found in Danziger's insightful commentary is a pervading moral sense. He at times enlightens us with perceptions of the good to be found in the world around us. Jeff Danziger seems to be tuned in to a grander sense of the moral responsibilities of being human and living in an increasingly smaller world in which everyone must better learn to live with his neighbor. He reminds us that behind all the hoopla of politics, the pretences of public relations, and the postured diplomacy of international affairs there are people—real individuals living and breathing, and suffering and struggling, and loving and enjoying life.

Student Review is pleased to now be a subscriber to the *Christian Science Monitor's* syndicate. We will be publishing Jeff Danziger's political cartoons on a regular basis as well as occasional selections of text from the *Monitor's* writer's.

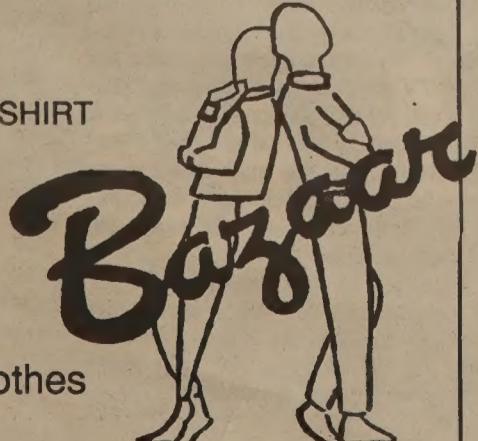
A hearty welcome to you, Jeff!

—me Oates, editor



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EDITORIAL

Selling Spirituality

by William Grigg

Perhaps the Church Public Communications Department has been seized by a cabal of crazed MBA's. Or maybe the Church has decided that it pays to advertise. In any case, there is something profoundly unsettling about the approach characterized in the Church's new film "Together Forever."

The production, which is basically a hyperthyroid "Home Front" (a "Home Front" is one of those little ads about family life produced by the Church), was shown between Sunday sessions during the last General Conference. Perhaps the intention was to provide the conference audience with a program that was lighter in tone than the conference addresses but still spiritually nourishing. Unfortunately, "Together Forever" has all of the spiritual resonance of the advertisements that were broadcast just before and after the Conference sessions: Ads from companies that sell emergency supplies and home storage provisions who know that the conference audience is their best market.

"Together Forever" is a series of vignettes describing how the Church provides lonely, confused people with a spiritual foundation and the hope that our cherished Family relationships can endure throughout eternity. There is nothing new or objectionable in this approach: Church productions have used this theme since the advent of "Man's Search for Happiness." The difference between "Together Forever" and other similar church productions (at least the ones that I have seen) has to do with the degree to which the medium is the message.

Each of the sketches in the program features young people who are having problems with relationships. The first is a portrait of a young architect who discovers that he is so busy building houses that his home is falling apart. The second portrays a young married couple that is struggling to keep their marriage together. The third introduces us to a teenage boy with a troubled home life who finds hope in the thought that "Our father would send our Older Brother to rescue [us]." The last sketch is an emotional encounter with a couple that has lost a child and have turned to the gospel to find hope that they may be reunited with it some day.

As I observed, there is nothing new in any of the messages; the blessings spoken of in the program have been the theme of numerous Church productions. The difference is the tone in which the message is delivered — particularly in the last two segments.

The troubled teenager speaks in a Testimony-Meeting cadence, his voice thick with emotion as he speaks about "Our

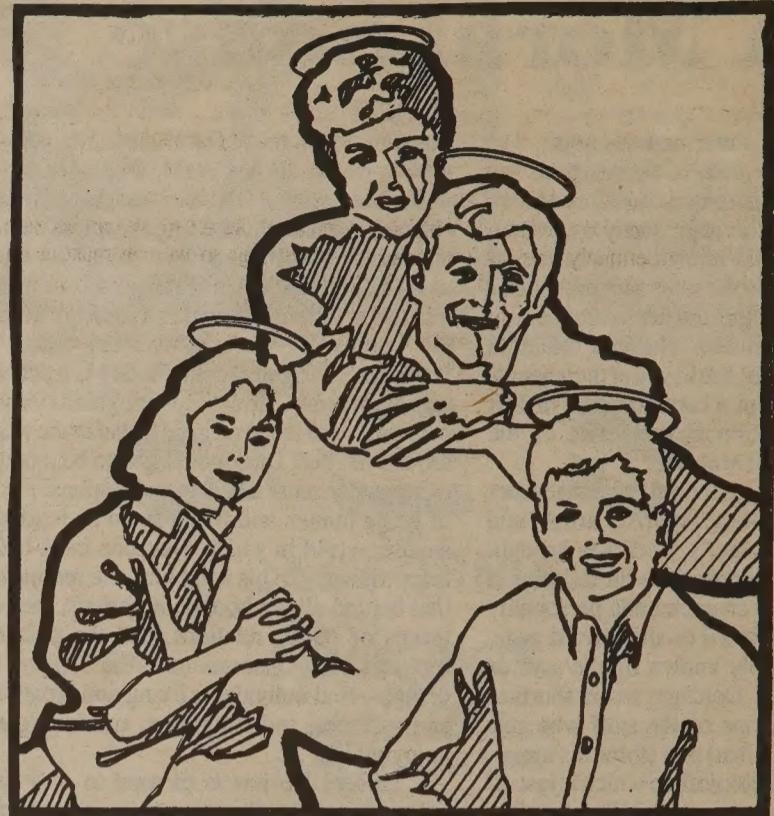
Elder Brother." The couple who follow him is frankly in tears as they speak of their lost child. At this point the program first tiptoes, then saunters, then finally barges headlong into a shockingly personal area. The young father describes how, following the advice of missionaries who had visited his home, he went into his den to pray about the principles he had been taught. He then described the warm, peaceful feeling that confirmed that the teachings were true.

The deeply personal nature of these testimonies brings up two troubling possibilities: either these people were actually sharing genuine personal experiences, or we were watching actors play the part of such people. If the former is true, is it proper to solicit such testimonies, capture them on film, and broadcast them? Bearing testimony is an intensely personal experience, one that must be had first-hand to be effective; trying to capture the Spirit on film is as pointless as trying to catch mercury with tweezers.

The second possibility is even more troubling—and quite probably true. Those who were interviewed in the program were nameless, handsome people who spoke perfectly constructed sentences (not an "uh" was uttered by any of them). Such spontaneous lucidity is rare, especially when the subject is a painfully personal one.

The problem is this. If we can use a media laboratory to create spiritual experiences on film, of what use are such experiences? Every spiritual experience is, by definition, highly subjective, the Paraclete speaks to each soul individually. Perhaps those who are in charge of the Public Communications Department believe that they have found a one-size-fits-all spiritual experience.

"Together Forever" is remarkably similar to media offerings available from mainline Pentecostal denominations. The



SR art by Doug Fakkell

testimonies are filmed in soft-focus photography and smothered like soggy pancakes in syrupy "New Age" music. I have no way of knowing whether or not the tears were genuine, but the camera managed to catch every one of them.

But is it tears that convert? If so, why don't we dispense with the Missionary Program and retain the services of Tammy Faye Bakker?

If the program featured actual testimonies, it was improper. If it didn't, it was fraudulent. In either case, while I was watching I couldn't help but remember an axiom of advertising: If the product is a failure, double the advertising budget. This is not to suggest that the gospel is a failure, by any means. What is failing is our resolve: Our determination to observe the distinction, razor-thin but unmistakable, between sharing a message and advertising a product. This distinction may be lost upon a generation that is being taught the gospel according to Eagle Marketing.

Stopping Violence on Television

by Bradley Vallem

On July 16, 1986, 19-year-old Frances Drake was brutally raped and later burned to death by a New York City street gang. According to the police investigation, the most interesting element about Miss Drake's murder was that the same scenario was shown on television the night before her death took place.

Similar scenarios like Miss Drake's murder have prompted experts in behavioral science to seriously consider if television violence affects those who view it, especially viewers who habitually expose themselves to violent programs. The National Institute of Mental Health, for instance, recently conducted several studies which seem to suggest that a correlation does exist—that viewers who habitually watch television violence often display violent aggressive behavior modification.

But the NIMH's accusations are not unanimously endorsed. At the other end of the spectrum, the big three networks, ABC, NBC, and CBS, claim that television violence is just a realistic "vivid" portrayal of everyday life...that television violence does

no more to encourage children to imitate violent behavior than "life itself."

Hoping to shed more light on the subject, Consumer Research Magazine conducted a survey with American television viewers, seeking information regarding viewing habits in the home. The survey consisted of three questions: "What television programs do you frequently watch, as a family, in your home?" "How long does each member or your family spend watching television in a single day?" and "Do you consider television to be a realistic portrayal of life?"

When the survey was completed, Consumer Research Magazine discovered some rather interesting facts about Americans' viewing habits: The survey revealed that adults watch between 10 to 15 hours of television per week, but children between the ages of 6 and 16 spent almost double that amount: 25-30 hours a week. The survey also concluded that the most popular programs frequently watched in the home, *Miami Vice*, *The Enforcer*, *Hunter*, and *Spencer For Hire*, were among the programs that the television industry considered a "realistic portrayal of life."

CRM's results, however, bring up an important question: How does one define violence? What makes one television program a simply vivid portrayal of life, and yet another objectively violent?

One of the big three networks, Columbia Broadcasting System (CBS), defines television violence as: "Any use of physical force against persons or animals, or the articulated, explicit threat of physical force to compel particular behavior on the part of that person shall be considered violent behavior."

Therefore, according to CBS's definition of television violence, I would classify most, if not all, television programs as violent television. To substantiate my assertion turn on your TV set during prime-time this evening. It will not take you long to discover that acts of violence are everywhere. And changing the channel will only make things worse. In fact, the amount of television, as defined by CBS, is abundantly evident everywhere you look these days.

But to just consent that television contains violence does not address the premise put forth by the National Institute of Mental Health, that viewers who habitually watch television violence often display violent ag-

gressive behavior modification. To do this, a catalyst for the correlation must be identified.

A theory frequently suggested, and best supported as a viable means that causes behavioral modification as a result of watching television violence is called the "Disinhibition Theory." This theory suggests that viewers who are exposed to constant, continual television violence, become desensitized to its harmful effect. And that through the casual contact of violence on television, viewers subconsciously see violence is an acceptable action. But in later, real life events, they are more likely to associate violence, as viewed on television, as the easiest, most effective way to solve problems. Furthermore, the "Disinhibition Theory" suggest that the way people perceive their environment, their peers, and ultimately themselves, depends largely on the amount of television they watch.

Still another theory on how television violence affects viewer behavior is called, "The Observational Learning Theory." This theory, as presented by the National Institute of Mental Health, suggests television viewers are encouraged to imitate violent behavioral patterns through association. This association occurs when television viewers re-

please see Violence
on page 10

The Real Thing

As an section editor of *Student Review*, I often come across those lonely moments of despair when I wonder how I can justify the tremendous amount of time I spend trying to scrape together this paper each week. Most of us at the *Review* probably wonder more than we care to admit if we are doing anything worthwhile. This paper surely has little to do with our eternal salvation, and it definitely cuts back on other things in life that we consider important, like studying, social life, and sleep.

But these moments of doubt and discouragement are far outweighed by the time I spend wondering why more people are not working with us. It was not long after learning of the *Review* that I wanted to get involved. With fear and trepidation I submitted my first article for consideration. After three or four weeks of not hearing anything I assumed that I had been rejected. But, as I was walking across campus one day, an acquaintance stopped me to tell me how much he enjoyed my article. I couldn't believe it; I had actually published my first article—ever!

That initial publication occurred towards the end of the first year of the *Review*'s existence. We are now in our third year, and my involvement has increased gradually the whole time. I have even come to the point where I will consider going to parties with these crazy people (and we have plenty of them). But I still have one overriding problem with the *Review*: Why aren't YOU involved?

I guess there could be several reasons. You are scared, insecure, feel you are untalented, have no time, or feel we are an apostate publication. Well, the people who worry me most are those who are not

scared and insecure. As for time, no one has any. And if you think we are an apostate publication (which we grudgingly must deny) you are either not reading this column or are a closet apostate yourself.

I could spout off a lot of rhetoric about why you should be involved, but I think it can all be said in one simple phrase: we are the real thing. So many people are continually complaining that college, especially BYU, is not the real world. All we do at college is practice to do things once we enter that mythical real world. We practice our art so we can become artists; we learn about advertising so we can make it on Madison Avenue; we practice accounting so we can someday balance someone else's books. We write papers and study for tests with the hope that someday this will help us get a job doing something productive. All our efforts seem to be involved in practicing to do the real thing. Whether you enjoy the *Universe* or not, we must remember that it is essentially a lab paper. It is way for budding journalists to learn their craft and practice the skills involved in putting out a daily newspaper.

At the *Student Review* we are not practicing anything—we're doing it. This is the real thing. No one is overseeing, supervising, or grading us. We sell real ads for real money. We write real articles for real readers. We pay real bills. We create real art. We might not do any of it very well, but we are doing it.

Take some initiative and become involved. It is a way to serve, a way to learn, a way to hone skills which might actually help you get a job that actually pays. But most of all it is a way to do the real thing. Remember that we are simply a bunch of semi-organized students trying to put out a quality paper, and we do not have the time to baby-sit anyone. But we love those people who keep annoying us, those people who have ideas and want to play an active role in their lives. So, put away your fear and uncertainty and take a risk. YOU are welcome.

—Eric Wilson

Violence from page 10

peatedly witness television characters that are rewarded for violent behavior. For example: we witness everyday characters on television physically abusing one another because of dissimilarities that they have between them. And, we as viewers, frequently show our approval for their violent actions by cheering the "Good Guy" on in hopes that he will triumphantly get even, or simply win the argument. Attitudes like these, according to the National Institute of Mental Health, encourage violent behavior, as seen on television, as an effective means to get what we want.

Recently these two theories, "The Disinhibition Theory" and "The Observational Theory," were tested in several New York state elementary schools. The experiments consisted of two thousand students. One thousand of these students were encouraged to watch television programs at home, under their parents' supervision, containing television violence, while the remaining one thousand were encouraged to read books, play games—to do anything except watch television. Throughout the nine month experiment, the students' teachers were encouraged to record any behavioral changes they observed in the children.

At the conclusion of the experiment, the collected data was reviewed and it was determined that indeed behavioral changes were observed. The experiment seemed to suggest that the National Institute of Mental Health's hypothesis was correct: Students that were exposed to television programs containing violence displayed more violent behavior. In fact, the teachers' observations indicated that students who were exposed to television violence on a regular basis were had been observed as more aggressive and violent, displaying violent behavior among their peers more readily than the students who did not watch television.

Therefore, based on recent scientific conclusions, when coupled with the obvious fact that television violence has indeed infiltrated today's television programs, it becomes quite clear that a correlation does exist between the amount of violence children watch on television and an increase in violent aggressive behavior.

And now I direct the question to you once more. How do you plan to stop violence on television? I know, you'll pledge allegiance to watch more videos and less television, while continuing to ignore the real threat television violence has on society. To this I can only say...pass the popcorn but watch out...that great blood and guts death scene you're watching on the tube right now might someday be the same scenario that ends your life.

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ARTS & LEISURE



by Jill Terry

On October 1, a rather rotund resident of the South African township of Ladysmith jogged onto the Kingsbury Hall stage followed by nine of his friends. Ladysmith Black Mambazo greeted Salt Lake City, waving their hands in the air and wearing maroon tunics with beige stripes and trim—some tunics covering rounder bodies than others—beige pants, red socks and white shoes.

It was not the orange tunics with geometric designs and dark pants I'd seen them wear on their *Saturday Night Live* appearance with Paul Simon or on Simon's *Graceland* concert video, instead it was light colored pants and shoes that emphasized the movements of their amazing legs and feet. After the first song I agreed with their wardrobe selection.

In fact, after only one song the whole concert was worth it. I saw and heard Joseph Shabalala, the leader, sing in Zulu and make those trilling and clicking sounds. I heard all ten of the men create an a capella harmony that resonates because seven of the ten sing bass. I saw all ten perform synchronous moves that would make the Temptations or the Supremes abandon their little choreographed patterns in shame.

Some in the audience, however, probably came for more socially significant reasons than mine. Eliza Gilkyson, a folksy-type singer who opened for the group, suggested we were all there to tap "into that universal bond that is needed now more than ever." Sounded good to me. But still I mostly wanted to hear all those voices and see all those legs and feet, arms and hands making something beautiful and powerful.

The group opened with several songs in Zulu. They didn't have, and didn't need, any accompanying instruments. One of the group members gave an introduction in English. I could barely understand what he said, but understanding and meaning became secondary to the experience itself. The songs in the unfamiliar Zulu language just washed over the audience as a series of pleasing harmonized sounds, accompanied with pleasing simultaneous motions.

But the experience became even better when the group sang their first English song, "How Long Must I Wait for You Baby?" The audience laughed lightly as Joseph and his friends repeated the question in a call and response pattern. Group members kissed their hands on the appropriate beat and offered the kiss, palm outward, to the audience to accent another English song, "Come along, come along to kiss me." The words soon blended into a chanting song. Singing "Hello my baby" at least ten times, the group on some prearranged signal added motion to the singing.

First their legs would go forward and back, then their arms would come forward in sweeping motions. When their legs went side to side, their arms would go up and down with uniformity of movement dashed with slight personal variation. And all the time the guys kept singing, "Hello my baby. Hello my baby." The combination of unity of action and harmony of voice absolutely delighted me.

The dancing involved ten human bodies in very rapid, uniform movement. Yet my delight in the movement involved seeming contradictions. It was almost like all ten guys had rubber arms and legs, but also still had knee joints and elbows. The body forms were both fluid and angular, smooth and sharp. After the "Hello My

LADYSMITH BLACK MAMBAZO

Baby" experience, one song promised to explain how Ladysmith Black Mambazo came to be known worldwide. Singing in English, Joseph Shabalala referred to the day in 1985 when Paul Simon found him, his friends, and their music.

That meeting lead the group to two songs on the *Graceland* album, the *Graceland* tour, *Saturday Night Live* and *Tonight Show* appearances, two albums on the Warner Brother label, and a Best Traditional Folk Album Grammy for the *Shaka Zulu* album.

With that introduction taken care of, Ladysmith Black Mambazo continued their performance by singing a song without their influential friend. "Homeless," written by Simon and Shabalala, involves enough English and Zulu to make the combination accessible to an interested American audience.

The performed song and actions were powerful: "Strong wind destroy our home / Many dead, tonight it could be you / And we are homeless, homeless. . . . Kuluman / Kulumani, kulumani sizwe / Singenze njani / Baya jabula abasi thanda yo / Ho." I appreciated the clarity and tone of Joseph Shabalala's voice; he didn't need Paul Simon to lead the group masterfully through the song.

The group ended with a few more songs in Zulu and more dancing. The audience began a standing ovation just as the men began to sneak from the stage in their finale. After several minutes of ovation, the group returned for two more numbers.

The members had given a performance similar to doing aerobics for an hour and a half while singing out loud. One of the last numbers, sung in Zulu and dedicated to the men who work in the South African diamond mines, included members dancing in pairs and triples. They kicked, jumped, and moved with such speed and energy that they enticed the audience to clap to the beat of the Zulu words.

After another lengthy ovation, when the show seemed to be over, Joseph Shabalala announced they would end singing the African anthem, "God Bless Africa." After all of the previous movement and rhythm, the calm simplicity of the song's melody and the haunting conviction in the faces of the group members left the audience in a solemn, appreciative mood.

Ladysmith Black Mambazo didn't need apartheid pamphlets or political lyrics to remind us they come from South Africa. Instead they used their bodies, their voices, and their language to show us their distance from our world and to draw us into theirs.

UTAH OPERA

LUCIA di LAMMERMOOR

by Kristina Stewart

A tale of romance, betrayal, insanity and death unfolded on the operatic stage of Capital Theatre Thursday night. The opening of *Lucia di Lammermoor* marked the Opera's second decade in Utah. Fortune is ours to have the amazing talent of Roberta Peters sing the leading role of Lucia. Her flute-like voice and tremendous showmanship elevated the total performance to a level which Donizetti's Scottish tragedy rightfully demands. It is the story of two feuding clans, Lammermoor and Ravenswood, in 17th century Scotland.

Enrico of Lammermoor has captured the ruined castle of Ravenswood and has left only one of his enemies living. Edgardo of Ravenswood is that sworn enemy, but ends up falling in love with Enrico's sister, Lucia di Lammermoor. Enrico is in a grave political and financial situation and hopes to remedy it by betrothing Lucia to a rich and powerful Lord.

Meanwhile the two lovers have exchanged secret marriage vows and are temporarily separated because of an overseas political mission which Edgardo must perform. Enrico intercepts all letter exchange between the two lovers and even presents Lucia with a letter which makes Edgardo out to be unfaithful. Emotionally distraught and physically undone, Lucia finally succumbs to Enrico's demands of betrothal to another. Directly after the marriage licence is signed, Edgardo returns to the scene. Betrayal and misconception wreak havoc on the lovers, leaving Lucia in a deranged state. She murders her new husband in the bridal chamber and herself dies of grief.

Meanwhile, Edgardo awaits a duel with Enrico in the graveyard of his ancestors. He bemoans his fate and only when it is too late does he hear of Lucia's recent acts. Before he can respond to Lucia's beckoning message, he hears the death tolling bells. Upon confirmation that she is dead, Edgardo fatally stabs himself with his own dagger. Dragging himself to Lucia's body, Edgardo reaffirms his love and desire for an eternal union with his beloved.

The passionate tale of unfulfilled love and treachery is told many times and in many mediums, but none have the power to move an audience as does opera. Opera combines the dramatic elements of lavish costuming, stage performance, music, and the human voice. Our senses are filled in every capacity, and in this heightened state of sensitivity we are better able to relate to the passionate tale.

Thursday night's performance was highlighted by Roberta Peters' participation. She began her extensive career at age 19, debuting at New York's Metropolitan Opera. Since that time, Peters has received much recognition and acclaim for her 38 year career, including the coveted Bolshoi Medal from Russia. She is noted as a prized coloratura soprano with her voice which mimics both flute and bird. Her most moving aria in Thursday's performance came at the moment of madness—deranged with passion and wet with blood she comes from her bridal chamber still clinging to the dagger. She reaffirms her vows and her love for Edgardo with a voice that mimics the solo flute. At times she sounds like a bird with complex fluttering in her tone, at times she belts out the haunting passion which permeates the whole piece. Her character is unique, it represents both gentleness and strength. Lucia is an extremely difficult role to perform well, and the audience was not disappointed.

please see *Lucia* on page 10

Eugene O'Neill: A Centennial Look

by Bonnie Garner

become part of his plays, such as the downtrodden Rose Thomas of *The Web*.

Throughout his life Eugene O'Neill received many honors, including membership in the National Institute of Arts and Letters. In 1936 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature.

There is no doubt O'Neill was a great playwright. His plays reflect life; his messages ring clear; his characters intrigue us. More than just entertain us, a great playwright illustrates the nature of existence and shows us our true selves. Eugene O'Neill did this; he gave us ourselves on stage.

BYU is holding a free symposium on Eugene O'Neill October 26-27. There will be lectures given in 321 ELWC at 10:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. October 26, as well as a preview of three plays at 7:30 p.m. in the Margaret's Theatre. October 27 there will again be lectures at 10:00 a.m. and 2:00 p.m. in 321 ELWC.

Nursed by his mother in the wings and dressing rooms of playhouses, Eugene O'Neill was destined to become one of America's greatest playwrights. The son of actor James O'Neill, he was born October 16, 1888, in a hotel room on 43rd and Broadway.

As a youth O'Neill voraciously read the tragic novels of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, and attended Princeton for nine months. After Princeton, he moved to Greenwich Village. There he discovered the writings of Nietzsche in a bookstore run by the anarchist Benjamin Tuke. Nietzsche's works greatly influenced O'Neill, particularly *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, which O'Neill made his Bible. He copied passages and memorized them.

In Greenwich Village, O'Neill lived a bohemian life, packing in as much entertainment as his time and money allowed. Saturday nights he and his friends frequented the Tenderloin district. Here he may have met the types of women that were to

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SPIN-O-RAMA

by Jeff Hadfield

U2: Rattle and Hum (Island): ★★★★. I expected a healthy dose of "rock and rollier than thou" from U2 this time around. I was wrong. *Rattle and Hum* is a double album that chronicles both the second leg of U2's 1987 American tour and their resultant musical discoveries, inspirations, and progressions. The record, containing both live tracks and studio tracks, is only half of the chronicle—the movie is still scheduled for release on November 4. Taking its name from the song "Bullet The Blue Sky," *Rattle and Hum* is an appropriate title for this record. It is rawer than some of U2's studio work, specifically the atmospheric *The Unforgettable Fire*. Jimmy Iovine, the producer of last year's *A Very Special Christmas* and the U2 track from it, "Christmas (Baby Please Come Home)" as well as Simple Minds' *Once Upon A Time* album, produces this disc. He elicits peak performances on the studio tracks and pristine recordings of the live tracks.

The disc opens with Bono's famous introduction to "Helter Skelter," "This is a song Charles Manson stole from the Beatles. We're stealing it back." It's an interesting choice to kick off the album—it certainly demands attention. Less harsh than the Beatles' rendition, it was recorded live in Denver.

The mood changes abruptly with the second track, "Van Diemen's Land," a studio recording. The Edge sings his own lyrics to the song, accompanying himself on guitar. His nasal tenor sounds strange when you're accustomed to Bono's vocals. The song deals with the pain of departure both from love and country as a result of political oppression. The liner notes say that the track is dedicated to John Boyle O'Reilly, an Irish revolutionary (Fenian) poet deported from Ireland to Australia. Tasmania was called "Van Diemen's Land" from its discovery

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ARTS & LEISURE

in 1642 until 1855. Anthony Van Diemen was the governor general of the Dutch East Indies at the time.

"Desire," the first single, follows. It encapsulates the energy and deep emotion that the whole of *Rattle and Hum* possesses. Recorded in Dublin, U2 packs more feeling into less than three minutes than most groups manage in a career. Be sure to catch the interview snippet at the beginning.

"I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For" is incredible in the original *Joshua Tree* version, but the one included here manages to intensify the original emotion. This one was recorded live at Madison Square Garden in New York City September 1987. Reflecting the religious aspect of the lyrics, a gospel choir called The New Voices of Freedom provides backing vocals and helps elevate the song to an inspiring plea for enlightenment. The song at the outset has sparse instrumentation and builds to a chilling climax before it dissolves into a rousing, free gospel improvisation.

A 40-second excerpt from South African (I think) Sterling Magee's folksy "Freedom For My People" introduces "Silver And Gold" next. Recorded originally by Bono and Keith Richards for the Artists Against Apartheid *Sun City* album and then again by U2 as one of the *Joshua Tree* single b-sides, it depicts the feelings of a man, who is "in shanty town outside of Johannesburg...who's sick of looking down the barrel of white South Africa."

The perfect thematic follow-up to "Silver and Gold," of course, is "Pride (In The Name Of Love)." Both were recorded at the same Denver concert as "Helter Skelter." "Pride" doesn't differ markedly from the album version except in feeling—the audience adds an extra dimension to the recording. As the crowd hums the melody, Bono commands them "for the Reverend Martin Luther King, sing!"

Live renditions of tracks from *The Unforgettable Fire* are better than the originals. "Pride" joins the moving versions of "Bad" and "A Sort Of Homecoming" included on *Wide Awake In America*, and all three are substantial improvements on the originals.

Back to the studio, "Angel of Harlem" is written for Billie "Lady Day" Holiday. Dropping the names of jazz pioneers (Coltrane, Parker, Davis), the lyrics narrate her successes and downfall.

"Angel of Harlem" and the next two tracks were recorded

at Sun Studios in Memphis. Sun Studios is where the legendary Sam Phillips first recorded and produced Elvis Presley, Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Johnny Cash. Perhaps a partial motivation for U2's pilgrimage to Memphis is the common religious background that at least Presley, Lewis, and Cash, legends all, share with the band. Many of the early popular music greats, including soul singers such as Sam Cooke and Marvin Gaye, struggled to resolve Christian convictions with the appeal and promise of the world's pleasures.

"Love Rescue Me" deals with that very conflict. It's the second track recorded at Sun and the second track recorded with the born-again Bob Dylan (on backing vocals and co-writer of the lyrics), Bono pleads, "My own hands imprison me/Love rescue me." The first section of the song tells of the perceived futility of belief—"Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow/Yet I will fear no evil/I have cursed thy rod and staff/They no longer comfort me." The song comes to a crescendo after this verse and then rebuilds itself with an optimistic final verse: "I've conquered my past."

Before filming the video for "Desire" in Los Angeles recently, U2 went into the studio to record the next track, "God Part II." The track is part homage to John Lennon and part putdown of Albert Goldman, author of the recent controversial, sensationalist biography *The Lives Of John Lennon*. Bono sings again about love as about the only thing to believe in.

"All I Want Is You," the final track, seals the album thematically and musically. The theme is that of a lover's idealism and promises versus the realistic, simplistic "All I Want Is You."

When I finished listening to the album for the first time I felt emotionally drained. U2's emotional commitment to their music burns through the grooves to the listener. Few bands can make such consistently good albums.

By returning in many spots to a rawer sound reminiscent of early rock and roll, U2 have successfully maintained vitality in their performance. Insights into the human condition and the nature of modern Christian belief as well as social conscience come together in the band's lyrics. These lyrics, coupled with their heartfelt musical performance, make U2 unique.

This disc is great even if you don't bother to listen to the words. If you do, however, you'll be challenged and rewarded.

CINEMA IN YOUR FACE

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Salome's Last Dance
5:20 9:30
Friday Oct. 21
Salome 5:30 9:10
Pass the Ammo 7:20 11:00
Sat-Sun. Oct. 22-23
Salome 2:00 5:30 9:10
Pass the Ammo
3:45 7:20 11:00
Mon-Thurs. Oct. 24-27
Salome 5:30 9:10
Pass the Ammo 7:20

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THE CALENDAR

Thursday, October 20

Lecture:

Honors Module: Norman C. Turner on Albert Camus' *The Plague*, 241 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.

Theatre & Dance:

Moscow Classical Ballet, Val Browning Center for the Performing Arts, Weber State College, Ogden
 "Thank You Papa!" Hale Center Theatre, 2801 So. Main, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257, \$5.00
 "Steel Magnolias," Salt Lake Acting Company, 168 W. 5th. No., SLC, 7:30 p.m., \$5.00 w/ I.D. Tickets: 363-0525

Film:

Varsity:
 "Hello Again," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
 Cinema In Your Face
 45 W. 300 S. SLC, 364-3647
 "Au Revoir Les Enfants," 7:10 p.m.
 "Salome's Last Dance," 5:20 & 9:30 p.m.
 Blue Mouse Theatre & Cafe:
 260 E. 100 So., SLC, 364-4371
 "A Month in the Country," 5:15, 7:10, & 9:00 p.m.

Music:

Utah Opera, "Lucia Di Lammermoor," Capitol Theatre 8:00 p.m. \$10.00 - \$30.00, Tickets: 533-6494
 Faculty Tuba Recital, Steven Call, 7:30 p.m., Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, Free!

Sports:

Women's Volleyball, BYU vs. New Mexico, SFH, 7:00 p.m.

Friday, October 21

Theatre & Dance:

Moscow Classical Ballet, Val Browning Center for the Performing Arts, Weber State College, Ogden
 "Thank You Papa!" Hale Center Theatre, 2801 So. Main, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257, \$6.00
 "Steel Magnolias," Salt Lake Acting Company, 168 W. 5th. No., SLC, 7:30 p.m., \$5.00 w/ I.D. Tickets: 363-0525

Film:

Varsity:
 "Beverly Hills Cop II," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
 Varsity II
 "Beverly Hills Cop," 7:00 & 9:00 p.m.
 Late Night Flick:
 "Raiders of the Lost Ark," 11:30 p.m.
 Cinema In Your Face
 45 W. 300 S. SLC, 364-3647
 "Salome's Last Dance," 5:30 & 9:10 p.m.
 "Pass the Ammo," 7:20 & 11:00 p.m.
 Blue Mouse Theatre & Cafe:
 260 E. 100 So., SLC, 364-4371
 "A Month in the Country," 5:15, 7:10, & 9:00 p.m.

Saturday, October 22

Theatre & Dance:

Moscow Classical Ballet, Val Browning Center for the Performing Arts, Weber State College, Ogden
 "Thank You Papa!" Hale Center Theatre, 2801 So. Main, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257, \$6.00
 "Steel Magnolias," Salt Lake Acting Company, 168 W. 5th. No., SLC, 7:30 p.m., \$5.00 w/ I.D. Tickets: 363-0525

Film:

Varsity:
 "Beverly Hills Cop II," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
 Varsity II
 "Beverly Hills Cop," 7:00 & 9:00 p.m.
 Cinema In Your Face
 45 W. 300 S. SLC, 364-3647
 "Salome's Last Dance," 2:00, 5:30 & 9:10 p.m.
 "Pass the Ammo," 3:45, 7:20 & 11:00 p.m.
 Blue Mouse Theatre & Cafe:
 260 E. 100 So., SLC, 364-4371
 "A Month in the Country," 5:15, 7:10, & 9:00 p.m.

Sports:

Women's Volleyball, BYU vs. New Mexico State, SFH, 7:00 p.m.

Sunday, October 23

Music:

Utah Opera, "Lucia Di Lammermoor," Capitol Theatre 2:00 p.m. \$10.00 - \$30.00, Tickets: 533-6494
 Krishna Radio: Ram Vijay, Victory Celebration of Shri Ramachandra, 1 mile south of Spanish Fork on Main Street. Info: 798-3559

Monday, October 24

Theatre:

"Thank You Papa!" Hale Center Theatre, 2801 So. Main, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257, \$4.00

Film:

Varsity:
 "Beverly Hills Cop II," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
 Varsity II
 "Beverly Hills Cop," 7:00 & 9:00 p.m.
 Cinema In Your Face:
 45 W. 300 S. SLC, 364-3647
 "Salome's Last Dance," 5:30 & 9:10 p.m.
 "Pass the Ammo," 7:20 p.m.
 Blue Mouse Theatre & Cafe:
 260 E. 100 So., SLC, 364-4371
 "A Month in the Country," 5:15, 7:10, & 9:00 p.m.

Tuesday, October 25

Lecture:

Honors Module: David L. Cowles on Charles Dickens' *Great Expectations*, 241 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.

Film:

Varsity:
 "Beverly Hills Cop II," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
 Cinema In Your Face:
 45 W. 300 S. SLC, 364-3647
 "Salome's Last Dance," 5:30 & 9:10 p.m.
 "Pass the Ammo," 7:20 p.m.
 Blue Mouse Theatre & Cafe:
 260 E. 100 So., SLC, 364-4371
 "A Month in the Country," 5:15, 7:10, & 9:00 p.m.

Wednesday, October 26

Lecture:

Honors Module: Mark Johnson on "Art and Architecture in the Early Christian and Byzantine Periods," 211 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.

Communication Symposium, Gary Gomm, newspaper consultant and broker, 11:00 a.m., Pardoe Theatre, HFAC

Theatre:

"Cyrano De Bergerac," Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 300 South & University, SLC, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: 581-6961, \$8.00 - 16.50

Film:

Varsity:
 "Beverly Hills Cop II," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
 Cinema In Your Face:
 45 W. 300 S. SLC, 364-3647
 "Salome's Last Dance," 5:30 & 9:10 p.m.
 "Pass the Ammo," 7:20 p.m.
 Blue Mouse Theatre & Cafe:
 260 E. 100 So., SLC, 364-4371
 "Nosteratu" (The Vampyre). 5:15, 7:15, & 9:15 p.m.

Music:

Orpheus Winds, Faculty Wind Ensemble, 7:30 p.m., Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, Tickets: Free at Music Box Office, HFAC

Thursday, October 27

Lecture:

Honors Module: Norman C. Turner on Albert Camus' *The Plague*, 241 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.

Family Living Lecture, "Law and the Family of the Future," Dr. Bruce C. Hafen, BYU Law School, 7:30 p.m., ELWC Ballroom

Theatre & Dance:

Contemporary Danceworks Showcase, 7:30 185 RB
 "Cyrano De Bergerac," Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 300 South & University, SLC, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: 581-6961, \$8.00 - 16.50
 "Thank You Papa!" Hale Center Theatre, 2801 So. Main, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257, \$5.00

Film:

Varsity:
 "Beverly Hills Cop II," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
 Cinema In Your Face
 45 W. 300 S. SLC, 364-3647
 "Salome's Last Dance," 5:30 & 9:10 p.m.
 "Pass the Ammo," 7:20 p.m.
 Blue Mouse Theatre & Cafe:
 260 E. 100 So., SLC, 364-4371
 "Nosteratu" (The Vampyre). 5:15, 7:15, & 9:15 p.m.

Music:

American Piano Quartet, 7:30 p.m., Madsen Recital Hall, HFAC, Tickets: 378-7444

Friday, October 28

Theatre:

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood," Salt Lake Repertory Theatre, 148 S. Main St. SLC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 532-6000, \$6.00, 8.00, & 10.00

"Cyrano De Bergerac," Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 300 South & University, SLC, 8:00 p.m., Tickets: 581-6961, \$8.00 - 16.50
 "Thank You Papa!" Hale Center Theatre, 2801 So. Main, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257, \$6.00

Film:

Varsity I:
 "Beetlejuice," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
 Varsity II:
 "Haunted Honeymoon," 7:00 & 9:00 p.m.
 Late Night Flick:
 "The Ghost and Mr. Chicken," 11:30 p.m.
 Blue Mouse Theatre & Cafe:
 260 E. 100 So., SLC, 364-4371
 "Nosteratu" (The Vampyre). 5:15, 7:15, & 9:15 p.m.

Music:

BYU Opera Carmen, 7:30 p.m., de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, Tickets: \$4.50 w/ I.D. 378-7444
 Utah Symphony: Williams, Strauss, & Brahms, 8:00 p.m., Symphony Hall, 123 W. South Temple, SLC Tickets: 533-6407

Saturday, October 29

Theatre:

"Cyrano De Bergerac," Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 300 South & University, SLC, 2:00 & 8:00 p.m., Tickets: 581-6961, \$8.00 - 16.50
 "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," Salt Lake Repertory Theatre, 148 S. Main St. SLC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: 532-6000, \$6.00, 8.00, & 10.00
 "Thank You Papa!" Hale Center Theatre, 2801 So. Main, SLC, 8:00 p.m. Tickets: 484-9257, \$6.00

Film:

Varsity I:
 "Beetlejuice," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
 Varsity II:
 "Haunted Honeymoon," 7:00 & 9:00 p.m.
 Blue Mouse Theatre & Cafe:
 260 E. 100 So., SLC, 364-4371
 "Nosteratu" (The Vampyre). 5:15, 7:15, & 9:15 p.m.

Music:

BYU Opera Carmen, 7:30 p.m., de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC, Tickets: \$4.50 w/ I.D. 378-7444
 Utah Valley Choral Society Anniversary Concert, 8:00, Provo Tabernacle, 50 So. University, \$2.00 w/ I.D.
 Utah Symphony: Williams, Strauss, & Brahms, 8:00 p.m., Symphony Hall, 123 W. South Temple, SLC Tickets: 533-6407

Sports:

Football, BYU vs. New Mexico, Cougar Stadium, 12:00 noon

Sunday, October 30

Fireside:

17 Stake Book of Mormon Symposium, Elder Boyd K. Packer, 7:30 p.m., Marriott Center

Art Exhibit:

"Winged Words" by James E. Christensen, in the Art Gallery, through November 18.

HAUNTED HOUSES

Merritt's Gallery of Terror, Underneath Provo Town Square (University and Center), Oct. 10-31, Mon-Sat 7:00 p.m.-Midnight. \$3.00 each

Wheeler Historic Farms Haunted Woods, Oct. 13-31, Mon.-Thurs. 7:00-10:00 p.m., Fri.-Sat. 7:00-11:00 p.m., \$4.50 general, \$3.50 discount admission with Meadow Gold proof of purchase Oct. 13, 17-20, 24-27, Info: 264-2241.

Utah State Hospital Annual Haunted House, East end of Center St., Oct. 21-31, 7:00 -10:00 p.m. Weekdays, 7:00-11:00 p.m. Weekends. Not for children under 5. \$3.00 donation, info: 373-4400.

ISSUES AND AWARENESS

Bush from front page

The Bush-Quayle electoral strategy will also be making governing for them more difficult. An election devoid of substance pro-

vides no mandate for action. The first term of the Reagan Administration accomplished many of its goals because it could claim that it was elected for the issues it embraced. Being able to make such a claim is essential

Cinema from front page

cans realize that even subtitled films can be enjoyed. For example, the French movie *Three Men and a Cradle* was such a success, both here and abroad, that the American movie, *Three Men and a Baby* starring Tom Selleck, was created from it. Incidentally, *Three Men and a Cradle* was shown at the International Cinema in the fall of 1987.

Another factor contributing to the large success of the International Cinema is the increasing awareness that the faculty has of the Cinema's benefits to teaching. This year English, Humanities, and Language professors have started requiring their students to view some of the movies. The foreign films, as well as being entertaining, are also very educational from a cultural and linguistic standpoint. The International Cinema even offers weekly lectures by faculty members on certain movies.

Due to the Cinema's great success recently, concerns have been raised over the problems of long lines and people being turned away. Dr. Marshall stated that they figured the first month of the semester would draw large crowds, but not nearly as many people as did come. In the future, when the International Cinema shows a movie that will attract large crowds, such as *Jean de Florette*, it will be the only film shown that week so there will be more viewing times for people to choose from. The International Cinema will not, however, move to a larger theater like the

JSB Auditorium or the Varsity Theater because they feel the SWKT Auditorium provides a good atmosphere for the viewing of foreign films.

Another concern facing the International Cinema, as in any other organization, is that of finances. The Cinema must make their budget stretch to cover costs of films, distribution, shipping, printing, and employee payrolls. It takes a great deal of money to pay three projectionists for working 30 to 40 hours a week each.

Despite these concerns, however, the International Cinema continues to offer great opportunities to see classic films. This semester's lineup includes such movies as *Tess*, *Taming of the Shrew*, *Le Grand Meaulnes*, and *Xiao Xiao* (Mandarin). Next semester, films like *Amadeus*, *The Purple Rose of Cairo* and Bizet's *Carmen* will be shown. Along with these, the International Cinema will also be offering Ingmar Bergman and Tarkovsky weeks. Not all of the movies are finalized due to factors such as movie availability, shipping, and price, but the International Cinema office is continually working to obtain such outstanding films.

When the top nine films of 1987 are all foreign films and four out of those are being shown here in Provo, Utah, it makes sense to take advantage of such an entertaining and educational program as the International Cinema.

in overcoming opposition from the Democrats in Congress, who had to acquiesce to public opinion. In contrast, the second Reagan term has accomplished much less, in part because the 1984 election was run like the 1988 version, with little attempt to identify a set of issues that could be turned into a mandate for governing. If Bush and Quayle are elected, they will face a Democratic Congress that is probably stronger than the one Reagan faced, but will have no mandate to claim in overcoming political opposition.

The concerns about George Bush having an impressive resume but no real accomplishments reinforce the weaknesses of his campaign. Here is a person who has held a great number of important governmental positions but has failed to leave a significant impact on any of them. His career has been one of pliability and accommodation to the demands of others rather than leadership and accomplishment. Nowhere is this clearer than in his service as Vice-President. Head of the administration's anti-drug efforts, he claimed no knowledge of Manuel Noriega's

drug trafficking until 1988 despite years of accumulated evidence concerning his activities. A former head of the CIA, he was, nevertheless, in his own words, not "in the loop" of decision making for the administration's covert arms sales to the Ayatollah. The administration's task force on regulatory reform, which Bush directed, was disbanded in 1983 (although resurrected in 1987) after the Vice-President was criticized for intervening in a proposed regulatory action affecting a company in which he owned stock.

All this, of course, is not to make the case for a vote for Dukakis and Benson. If such a case is to be made, it cannot be made by simply calling attention to the shortcomings of their opponents. The implications of the Dukakis campaign for a Dukakis administration also deserve careful scrutiny, as do the differences that the candidates have taken on some issues. But the conduct of the Bush campaign ought to raise serious concerns about the desirability of a Bush presidency.

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